

there is something so achingly beautiful about the newborn stage.

how life can feel so heavy in your hands while somehow becoming the very thing you later ache to hold again.

in those early days, time loses its shape. morning and night blur together beneath the soft glow of hallway lights and the quiet hum of sound machines. the house is still while you sit awake in the dark, cradling a baby against your chest, too tired to keep your eyes open and yet somehow unable to stop staring at them.

tiny sighs. sleepy stretches. milk-drunk smiles at three in the morning.

a half-empty cup of coffee sits forgotten on the counter for the third time that day. laundry waits in uneven piles. your hair stays undone longer than usual. the hours feel endless and your body carries a kind of exhaustion that reaches all the way into your bones.

and quietly, somewhere between the rocking chair and another midnight feeding, so many mothers whisper the same thing into the dark:
please let this get easier. please let me sleep again. please let me feel like myself again.

and oh, how human that is.

because the newborn stage is not made only of sweetness. it is sacrifice. it is surrender. it is loving someone so deeply that you give pieces of yourself away without hesitation, even when you feel empty too.

but mama, if you are standing in the middle of this tender exhaustion right now, i hope you know something gently and deeply true: you are doing beautifully.

your baby does not notice the dishes in the sink or the laundry left unfolded. they do not care about the things you did not finish today.

they know you by softer things.

the warmth of your skin. the familiar rhythm of your heartbeat beneath their cheek. the way your voice calms the storm inside their tiny body. the safety of your arms in a world that is still so new and overwhelming to them.
to your baby, you are not falling short. you are home.

and then one day, without warning, this season begins slipping quietly through your fingers.

the tiny newborn scrunchies. the weight of them asleep on your chest. the way their entire hand could once wrap around only one of your fingers. the late-night feeds when the whole world felt asleep except for the two of you.

gone so softly you hardly notice it happening at first, like sunlight fading across the floor at the end of the day.

and what once felt so exhausting somehow becomes sacred in your memory. not because it was easy, but because love has a merciful way of softening the sharp edges of hard seasons. because only later do you realize that tucked inside the exhaustion were some of the holiest moments you would ever live.

and perhaps that is the strange, tender thing about motherhood.

you spend so much of the early days trying to make it through them, never realizing they are quietly becoming the memories you will someday miss the most.

one day the bottles will be washed and put away for good. the rocking chair will stop creaking in the middle of the night. the tiny clothes folded carefully into drawers will no longer fit.

and the baby who once reached for you with sleepy arms in the dark will slowly need you differently.

not less. just differently.

and somewhere between who they were and who they are becoming, you will find yourself longing for one more ordinary night from this season. one more midnight feeding. one more sleepy cuddle against your chest. one more moment where the world felt small and it was only the two of you awake beneath the dim light of morning before the sun rose.

because these days do not stay, even though at times they feel endless.

they slip quietly through your fingers while you are busy surviving them.

and when you finally look back, you realize the exhaustion was never the whole story.

there was beauty there too. a deep and consuming love. a closeness so sacred and fleeting that someday you would give anything just to hold it one more time.